

## NEW YORK JOURNAL

W. R. HEARST.

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## Only Fifty-eight days more of Cleveland.

## IS THE FINANCIAL QUESTION SETTLED?

The New York Times has been interviewing a number of prominent business men of this city to find out what they think of Senator Wolcott's embassy to Europe to talk over the subject of an international bimetallic conference. Here are some sample replies:

James Stillman, president of the City National Bank: "The people have settled the financial question. Any further agitation of the subject would be both useless and unwise."

Daniel A. Davis, of Deering, Milliken & Co., dry goods: "McKinley was elected by the gold Democrats on a gold platform, and he owes it to the business interests of the country to let the matter rest where it is."

Augustus G. Paine, paper dealer: "The question was settled, and the suggestion [that an international conference would be desirable] is not only untimely but unnecessary as well. The theory of international agreement is all well enough, but the time has not yet come for it. In the meantime, any such discussion is out of place."

The Times adds: "The heads of the large financial institutions generally discountenance the reopening of the silver question, and refuse to be quoted in any discussion of it." And it says editorially: "The one thing that threatens or can threaten the preservation of the gold standard in this country—to which the Administration is unequivocally pledged—is the requirement of the law of May 31, 1873, that legal tender notes shall not be paid, but, having been redeemed in gold, shall be reissued."

The Journal would not rashly differ with the "heads of the large financial institutions," with Messrs. Stillman, Davis and Paine, or with the Times. But their understanding of the matter under discussion is not the general understanding of it. In the platform adopted by the Republican party in St. Louis June 18, 1896, the platform upon which Candidate McKinley stood, there was a plank reading thus:

We are opposed to the free coinage of silver except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the world, which we pledge ourselves to promote, and until such agreement can be obtained the existing gold standard must be preserved.

It is all very well for the "great financial institutions" to say that this plank was intended solely to fool Republican bimetallics, and that Mr. Hanna had no idea of being bound by it. It may comport with their ideas of decency to say that McKinley, whom they elected, has always been and is now a silver man, except when it seems politically unwise to show his true colors. It is all very well for the dyspeptic Evening Post to say that McKinley's dispatch of Wolcott on his mission is a mere trick to keep Republican bimetallics' heads under the blanket of deceit.

But wouldn't it be more decent to credit Mr. McKinley with an honest intention of living up to the principles of his platform—at least until Wolcott's mission be definitely shown to be undertaken merely with intent to deceive? The Republican platform didn't settle the financial question. It promised to try to settle it by international agreement.

## MONEY

## DOWN.

Three months ago the officials of the same company were assuring its workmen of uninterrupted work and the maintenance of wages if McKinley could only be elected.

Probably in three months more the spokesmen of the same corporation will be telling the Ways and Means committee of the House of Representatives that an increase in the tariff on steel rails and structural steel is absolutely necessary that the dignity of American labor may be maintained and the workman's wages remain at that high point at which it is, of course, the dearest wish of his employers to keep them.

We wonder if by that time—or if ever—the people will learn what estimate to put upon threats or promises made by millionaire corporations for the furtherance of political or mercenary ends?

## AN ASSAULT ON A GOOD MAN.

It is related of Mr. John D. Rockefeller that he once quitted the doubts of a clergyman who asked why the Standard Oil Company did not reduce the price of oil in order to lessen its enormous net profits by responding unctuously that such a course would make it impossible for the independent refiners, of whom Mr. Rockefeller has ever been tender, to earn a living—that they would, in fact, be ruined.

Associating much with the clergy—indeed, it may be said that next to railroad traffic officials Mr. Rockefeller most prefers ministers of the Gospel—he has thus far been singularly fortunate in escaping really embarrassing attentions from the pulpit. Being a multi-millionaire and a philanthropist by wholesale, the bits of fulsome laudation occasionally proceeding from that source do not seem to disconcert him, for he believes them well deserved. The remembrance of nothing in his past career as builder of the Standard Oil Company seems to have awakened in his mind any doubt of the sincerity, or sanity, of the eminent divine who began an address of eulogy to Mr. Rockefeller with this pertinent text: "There was a man sent from God, and his name was John."

It may be wondered whether the founder of those twin institutions for the education of the American people, the Standard Oil Company and the University of Chicago—the lessons that may be learned of the former, by the way, are the more important to the well being of the nation—will regard the exhortation of the pulpit as philosophically as its praise. Sunday a Baptist clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Potter, of the Tabernacle Church, spoke of the eminent philanthropist in a way to jar on the ears of the faithful. The man who has spent millions in disseminating the light of learning—including economic learning of a distinctly Standard Oil brilliancy—over Darkest Chicago Dr. Potter describes as a "deadly ugly tree." Conspiracy to wreck a church—not with an explosion, as a certain independent refinery in Rochester was wrecked in 1887—and to ruin its pastor, as the owners of more than one independent oil company have been ruined, is the essence of the charge which Dr. Potter publicly and from a pulpit brings against John D. Rockefeller. The clergyman's characterization of the offense, as published in yesterday's Herald, is worth reprinting:

This catalogue of horrors is the plain experience of a Christian church and its commonplace minister in the metropolitan centre of the fairest land of liberty. It is a story of human wrong on the one hand, and indifference to suffering and lawless, senseless oppression and outrage and cruelty on the other. It is an outline of the inhumanity of vast wealth and the brutality of self-will and conceit, whose outward exhibition of itself in studied

humility and an appearance of meekness not matched since the time of Moses. And the man who dares to say these truths takes his whole future in his hands; he faces prison cells and assassination. The rage they will excite will be unbounded, and the revenge they invite will be slow and crafty; subtle, but sure.

This whole wickedness will cost the Baptists dear, but perhaps not more than it will be worth, if we had out that in spite of our servility, our greed, our desire to flatter and sit with the great, that money does not make manhood, that millions are not morality and honors are not honesty, that no man is far above his fellows, and that there are some things in life of more value than gold.

These are not pleasant things for Mr. Rockefeller to hear, but doubtless he will have an explanation. Perhaps the wrecking of rival churches, like the wrecking of rival oil refineries, may be excused on the plea that the real advantages of monopoly are enjoyed by the consumer through the vast cheapening of the product by means of large operations and small economies. Perchance Mr. Rockefeller hopes to make salvation freer by monopolizing all its sources.

## ONE TASK CONGRESS MAY PERFORM.

If the Senators and Representatives reassembling to-day in Washington will consult their experience they will recognize the fact that little can be done in the way of legislation by this expiring Congress. The short session of an outgoing Congress has seldom resulted in anything but a mighty clash of tongues, and it is evident enough that nothing more will come out of this one. The silver lamb and the gold lion have sat down together on the proposition for a revenue bill—the silver Senators because they will not permit revenue legislation without a silver rider, and President Cleveland because the present law has accumulated a surplus of \$142,000,000—aided, of course, by the little device of borrowing \$263,000,000 on bonds. Of the many schemes for spoliation of the Treasury, the only dangerous one is C. P. Huntington's Pacific Funding Bill, and there are men well enough convinced of the enormity of that to talk it to death in the barely fifty days left of the session. For any measure—whether of benefit or harm—not already well in hand there is slender chance of enactment.

But the Fifty-fourth Congress may make its closing days glorious, whatever its earlier career may have been, by taking up and passing out of hand the Cameron resolutions, already reported to the Senate and likely to come up for action to-day, recognizing the independence of Cuba. The vote in favor of those resolutions will be a roll of honor even to the end of the Republic.

## SPANISH METHODS OF WAR.

The rumor that the cause of the sinking of the filibustering craft Commodore, by which a number of lives were lost and many more put in grave jeopardy, was the treachery of a Spanish emissary who scuttled the ship has nothing unbelievable about it. In civilized warfare, it is true, such things are not done—not even to the avowed enemy. But Spain is not waging a civilized war, and it is quite within the scope of the ethics of the nation which employs Weyler to engage other assassins who do their work by stealth.

It has sometimes been suspected that conspirators, waging unequal and secret war with a power vastly their superior, have destroyed, or endeavored to destroy, a vessel by mingling explosives with its coal. We do not recall an instance in which this suspicion has been proved justified, but there was never a case in which the suspicion alone did not call out a practically unanimous chorus of execration from all who believed it well founded. Honorable warfare, even in an unjust cause, may be tolerated. The methods of the assassin, the methods, for example, of the firebug, applied to war, are execrable.

Perhaps the "proud Spanish nation" in its futile effort to suppress a revolution which has justice for its foundation may find it necessary yet to poison wells, or adopt that even more chivalric course suggested during the middle ages, of inoculating prisoners with smallpox and releasing them, all ignorant of their incipient disease, to mingle freely with their comrades in arms.

From Canton comes the intimation that the country should not take the tariff hearings at Washington too seriously. In addition to the fact that the present Ways and Means Committee will not make the next tariff bill, there is no assurance that the Ways and Means Committee of the Fifty-fifth Congress will be accorded that privilege. It is thought that when the proper time arrives Mr. Hanna will so thoroughly have recovered from his attack of insomnia that he will be able to attend to the tariff himself.

The Cleveland Administration has ample time for more unpleasant experience. Senator Hill may possibly feel called upon to defend its Cuban policy.

There may be method in Mr. Mark Hanna's insomnia. It is not at all unlikely that he is compelled to lie awake at night in order to decide what Cabinet seat he will take.

Those persons who have access to Mr. Platt's private office will have the best facilities for knowing just what is going on at Albany.

A novice in politics would judge by the news from Harrisburg that the Pennsylvania Legislature is about to meet to send somebody to the penitentiary instead of for the purpose of electing a United States Senator.

It appears that there is an impression among some persons that they can make good bank officials of themselves by committing suicide.

If Mr. Lou Payn really holds a coupon calling for that State Insurance Commissioner prize he will be sure to demand its delivery. Mr. Payn is not the man to retire simply because the muzzle of public sentiment happens to be pointed in his direction.

Senator Thurston is in favor of war with Spain, but he draws the line at war on the Union Pacific Railroad.

It will be impossible for Governor Black to utilize all the good advice offered him. In fact, he was not nominated for that purpose.

The quinine magnates hope to be able to shake a quinine duty out of the next Administration.

Mr. Lou Payn can be depended upon to insist that the entire ante-election programme be carried out.

Mr. Quay's efforts for purity in Pennsylvania politics indicate that the political Salvation Army is near at hand.

The Commissioners of the District of Columbia have decreed that the newsboys shall not be allowed to cry their papers on the streets on Sundays. The Commissioners of the District of Columbia should try and get a position where they can take a good look at themselves.

There is a man in Texas with an ossified tongue. If the policy of importing office-holders is to be continued, we would advise Mayor Strong to do a little skirmishing in Texas in case there are any vacancies on the Board of Police Commissioners.

The only thing left for Mr. Addicks is to proceed against the Delaware Republicans for obtaining his money under false pretences.



## A BUSY AFTERNOON IN THE LOUVRE.

## Seven Ages of Man Up to Date.

"The Lean and Slender Pantaloon." "My dear father," said the son, looking up from his book with a frown, "have you been going around wearing your hat at that angle?"

"I've been wearing it three feet above my head most of the afternoon," answered the father, with a laugh. "Bully day at the races. Bubble won in a walk, as I knew she would. I picked the winner every time to-day. You ought to have been there."

"Thank you, no," said the son, closing his book. "The horses are interesting enough, but I dislike that low betting crowd."

"It's life, my boy," said the father, lighting a cigarette. "I saw a mighty pretty girl there."

"You generally do," said the son, filling his pipe. "This was a little beauty. She told me—"

"You didn't speak to her?"

"Indeed I did. You needn't look so disapproving. Can't a man have a little fun now and then?"

"It seems hard," said the son, bitterly. "After all, you're a club man and a rounder of the Broadway swim."

"He owed his club life to the generous and enduring friendship of Hermann Olrichs. The distinction of being a rounder came to him naturally, and grew by association with that roystering, swaggering, quarrelling, glittering class of dukes that flourished here a score of years ago, and produced such brilliant exponents as Fred May, Howell Osborne and 'Freddie' Gebhard."

When he slugged 'Billy' Henriques he carried the game too far. He beat his man, but his act of vengeance put stripes on him and stamped him for life as a convict. Chappiedom has no judgment to offer in the case of Ellison. He has paid the penalty of his crime and it remains for him to shape his future. Few people, if any, would put a stone in his way to better things.

On the contrary, there is a general disposition to help him, and I should like to do my part by suggesting that he go through the rest of his life, dignified at least, with forty square boxing gloves on his formidable fists.

What an absurd institution the New York Coaching Club has come to be! Here it has gone and black-balled T. Sutter Taylor for the second time because he can't coach; whereas it was not so long ago that it blackballed John Jacob Astor because he couldn't tool a coach.

Funny, isn't it? This whole story and the subsequent upheaval in the management of the Coaching Club furnish one of the most

"I suppose that's why there is such a scramble for offices," he said. "By the way, are you going to be home this evening? I'd like to read you something I've just written on the ontological series."

"I'm sorry, but I've got to go down to the club," said the father hastily. "They made me promise I'd be there."

"The club, always the club, when I want to see anything of you," the son exclaimed, walking up and down with angry strides. "What do you find there so attractive?"

"Well, one likes to see one's friends occasionally," said the father.

"Why don't you bring them home, then? Here you've a pleasant house with every comfort; yet you can't be bribed to spend an evening in it!"

"I'm sorry about to-night, dear boy, but they wanted me to take a hand in a rubber," the father began.

The son's brow darkened.

"Yes, cards," he said, half under his breath. "And you'll lose more in a night than I can earn in a year. Father, I've been steady and industrious all my life, partly for your sake. Has it all been wasted? Is my example nothing to you?"

"You take it so beastly serious," said the

## With the Chappies.

Chappiedom will not give "BRIE" Ellison the glad hand when he comes down to the city to-day, after three years and a half in Sing Sing Prison for assaulting "Billy" Henriques. We have all felt that there were other sinners in this case and that Ellison's violence was not wholly provoked, but the brutal beating he gave poor old Henriques, and his subsequent attitude toward the woman in the case, made it desirable that he should be still further removed from society's higher grade, of which he was never really an integral part.

The most that was ever justly claimed for Ellison was that he was a club man and a rounder of the Broadway swim.

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father impatiently. "What's the good of living, if you don't get a little fun out of it?"

"I have maintained our name honorably," the son went on. "Why should you be the one to drag it in the dust?"

"By Jove, I've been lectured enough," exclaimed the father, springing to his feet. "If you don't like my way of living, then live without me. I'm going where I'm appreciated."

With an oath he seized his hat and went out, banging the door behind him. The son remained alone, his head buried in his arms.

Journal and make mighty interesting reading. But, say, 'Tommy' Taylor's friends are hopping mad and I am with them.

It is only natural that we should all feel sorry at the retirement of Colonel "Willie" Jay from the presidency of the Coaching Club.

For twenty-five years he has been the acknowledged head of coaching in this country. He has led the annual parade with supreme gravity and he has always cut his whiskers to fit his coaching face, no matter what the general fashion in beards might be.

We like Fred Bronson, the new president, first rate, but he can never take the place of Willie Jay in our "four-in-hand" hearts.

And how shall we ever get along without those beautiful Siamese twins, Prescott Lawrence and "Reggie" Rives, both of whose noses are said to have been put out of joint by the election of Saturday.

After that election, by the way, there was a dinner in the Knickerbocker Club, which was attended by G. G. Haven, J. J. Van Allen, Fred Bronson, De Lancey Kane, George De Weimere, W. Watts Sherman, Theodore Havemeyer, "Reggie" Rives, Frank Underhill and Frank Sturges.

There was other lore than that which frapped the champagne, and "Jack" Astor and "Tommy" Taylor didn't miss much cheer by being forced to stay away from that banquet.

Cards are out for elaborate dinners to be given by the following people: Mrs. Mortimer Brooks, January 12 and 16; Mrs. Henry Sloane, January 6 and 9; Mrs. William C. Whitney, January 19, 26; Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry, January 7; Mrs. Karlek Riggs, January 7.

Speed, O Time, in your flight and bring to us next Thursday night.

If there is a suspicion of rhyme in that sentence it is unintentional, and can be attributed only to unconscious celebration, superinduced by continual juxtaposition to Mr. Munkittrick, who is not my neighbor, but my favorite poet.

They "Pilled" Tommy Because He Could. That, however, has nothing to do with impatience for the evening of Thursday to arrive. Then is to be held the Old Guard ball, which in itself would not be of such great consequence were it not that it will afford New York its first opportunity of gazing upon the unutterable beauty of C. Whitney Tillingshast II., Adjutant-General and more glorious successor to the glorious McAlpin.

As a general thing we chappies of the Upper Ten don't attend the Old Guard ball, because it is a public function. But we shall have to lay aside our exclusive prejudices this year and take it in, for

entertaining episodes of the season. The details are published elsewhere in the

## Homer Davenport in Paris.

MR. DAVENPORT'S artistic instinct has led him to pay a visit to the Louvre, and his sense of the humor. ous has been apparently quickened by the sight of the busy, long-haired ones who work there all day long copying the famous pictures which adorn its walls. A great many of these pictures will find their way to America, where they will adorn the art exhibitions held in the large provincial towns, and will eventually find rest on the parlor walls of some millionaire.

Other of these works of art, falling to find purchasers, will degenerate into what are known technically as "hall paintings," meaning paintings fit to be hung in very dark halls, and as such will be peddled by Hebraic dealers through the streets of Williamsburg and East New York.

Others, perhaps, will serve their purpose in the great work of art education that goes on in this country from January to December. They will be purchased by artists of the kind that work in squads, and of each one innumerable copies will be made and disposed of in every corner of the land. It is a pity that Mr. Davenport does not illustrate one of the studios occupied by a squad of artists of this description. There he will find perhaps half a dozen men working from the same copy—a copy made originally by one of the long-haired, quaintly hatted artists whom we see here at work in the Louvre. Each member of this gang, save the principal one, or foreman, will have one pot of paint, and the first, having the green pot, will put in the forest and greenward; the second, having the blue pot, will fill in the lake and sky; the third will adorn the canvas with a cow, a sunnash bush and a man in a red flannel shirt—three objects that always attract the true artistic eye—and finally the principal artist, or foreman of the squads will put on the gilt frame.

It is difficult to conceive of a more picturesque set of people than those who spend the hours of daylight in the Louvre, and it is not surprising that Mr. Davenport should have found in them a subject worthy of his pencil.

Tillingshast, two times, is to be there in his Troy uniform, and to miss that sight would be little less than criminal, for a Tillingshast, two times, in a Troy uniform is like a complete eclipse of the sun—it happens only once in a lifetime.

So don't fail to go, and be sure to take a bit of smoked glass with you.

It is rumored that Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., are about to return to New York in a very little while.

I hope sincerely that this is true. The presence here of those two interesting young people would be more than welcome to their friends just now.

They can't come home too soon.

Mr. W. Gould Brokaw doesn't seem to have any better luck in shooting pigeons than he had in showing horses.

It is quite in order now for him to protest against Fred Hoey in this sport as he did against the dealers in the Horse Show.

Meantime Fred is winning enough Brokaw money to buy several suits of ready-made clothing for himself and a pair of horse blankets for Mr. "Fatty" Bates.

Mr. W. Gould Brokaw is a good thing. HOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

## The Jester's Chorus.

"Isn't McKinley the man who used to talk so much about tin plate being a good thing?" asked the elderly lady.

"Well, I'm sorry to say so, but that gentleman has fallen greatly in my esteem."

"I don't see why."

"I have just been informed that tin plate is the material with which they make the horns that the boys blow on holidays."—Washington Star.

"Who is the woman who sent word objecting to our boys practicing on the cornet?"

"She's the mother of the boys who celebrate every holiday by blowing tin horns before daylight."—Washington Star.

"Fitterly doesn't go to the theatre any more."

"Why not?"

"Says he can't stand it to sit in a fifty-cent seat and see so many people who owe him money sitting in the boxes."—Chicago Record.

"Young man," said the one who wished him well, "have you utterly forgotten what you owe to the honored name you bear? Have you no regard for the sacred dust of your ancestors?"

"They didn't leave me any," said the young man. "The only dust I get next to I eat out for myself."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Overcome by the antics of the comedian, the gentleman in the front row emitted a coughing sound so violently that his wig dropped to the floor and he became the focus of a thousand eyes.

His first thought was to assume a jaunty air, "I will laugh it off," he soliloquized.

Then it occurred to him that that was just what he had done, and, arising hastily, he fled precipitately. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Tommy—I wonder why the words is spelled in such funny ways?

Jimmy—Cause they was made in the first place by the school teachers, and they made 'em that way so's they would have to be hired to teach how to spell 'em. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

He beat him low until his warm breath swept her brow.

"And you will never forget me?" he whispered earnestly.

She smiled sweetly, sadly.

"I have a good memory for faces," she faltered, "but not for names."—Detroit Journal.

"Small? Why, if you'll believe it, I felt so small that I actually went and tried to put, that snout of unshrunkable underwear I bought last winter."

Truth, it had ever to be borne in mind was stronger than fiction by the usual overwhelming majority. —Detroit Journal.

## THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC	Two Little Yagants	HUNER'S 14TH ST. MUSEUM	Vanderbilt
AMERICAN THEATRE	Captain Impudence	LIVING PLACE THEATRE	De Bussanwater
BROADWAY THEATRE	Confronted Into Court	ROBERT & BIALS	Cloutman Performance
BROADWAY MUSIC HALL	Sensation of Brien	KNICKERBOCKER	Vanderbilt
COLUMBIA THEATRE	The Power of the Press	THE LATE OF TOM	De Bussanwater
CARINO	An American Beauty	MURRAY HILL	The Late of Tom
EMPIRE THEATRE	Mac! Ado About Nothing	OLYMPIA-Music Hall	The Late of Tom
ELKS MUSIC	Under the Last Rope	WINTER GARDEN	The Late of Tom
FIFTH AVE. THEATRE	World in Wax	WINTER GARDEN	The Late of Tom
GRAND OPERA HOUSE	A Superbious Husband	PASTORS THEATRE	The Late of Tom
GARRETT THEATRE	In Old Kentucky	PROCTER	The Late of Tom
GARDEN THEATRE	Secret Service	STAY THEATRE	The Late of Tom
HOLLY THEATRE	Richard Mansfield	THIRD AVE. THEATRE	The Late of Tom
HAROLD SQUARE	A Captivated Woman	WALLACE	The Late of Tom
HEALING OPERA HOUSE	The Girl from Paris	14TH ST. THEATRE	The Late of Tom
	Thoroughbred		